The Preparations for the Pope's Jubilee. ROME Dec. 26.—The St. Gothard had shown if at its best, dazzling in snow and sunshine : dan and Florence were wrapped in mist and the journey had been long and tedious, so that the excellent accommodation of the al du Quirinal, in Rome, was duly appreciared, especially before it became apparent that it was by no means a cheap house. Its situation is excellent, facing the obelisk, the founain, and the two celebrated horse tamors of the square. Rome has distinctly advanced of late years in the matter of hotels and a few other items, as becomes the absolute capital of the whole peninsula; in others, it is still what tever was, with the unfinished aspect so unexpected in a city commenced so long ago, a first impression on reentering it is again that of the universal untidiness of the town and its inhabitants, to be accounted for only by the fact that people and buildings have had more than sufficient time to forget and lay aside habits of discipline and regularity, if they ever owned them. This element of disorder is ticularly noticeable in the thoroughfares; very few streets have sidewalks, so that all the off lew strians, vehicles, carts, cattle, and horses get inextricably and hopelessly mixed There is, however, one refreshingly neat not in Rome, on the other side of the Tiber, round and above San Pietro Montorio, the shurch where the hole is shown in which St. Peter's cross once stood. The view from that point is lovely, and possesses a charm of nomeliness, the flavor of which is sadly want-

ing everywhere else. The Romans call the weather they are having now, and have had since the beginning of Desember, simply vile; yet barring a goodish mount of mud, two or three wet days, and a paucity of the credited blue Italian skies, the stranger falls to see the viloness. It has not been cold, certain hours of the afternoon are perfect, and the inhabitants would seem to be even greater cavillers than the Londoners, if the real trouble, not one immediately apparent to the uninitiated, was not the continued prevalence of the dreaded sirocco. Looked upon at first as a fanciful foe, as a soft warm wind, it produces after a time a constant headache and a certain depressed lassitude which render the heavy and exacting duties commanded by the autocrat Ba-deker all the more exhausting. After having maturely studied the and conscientiously followed the indications of the dreaded volume, one's opinion becomes fixed. The ruins are first-class, art in every shape can nowhere be better represented. the churches and palaces vie with each other in quality and quantity; but what really in Rome takes the cake is the variety, the finish, the persistency, the absolute perfection of its smells. There is something almost refined about them, and you must and by finding one to your taste. It may begin by knecking you down, but you raily and marvel, Inconsistent with this idiosynerasy of the Eternal City is the superabundance of its water supply, the overflow of its countless fountains, and the turbulent rush of its yellow river; but with every natural appliance within easy reach, the impression conveyed by the S. P. Q. R. is not one of frequent ablutions or nice attention to the duties of the toilet. Replete, congested, surfeited with the glories of art and nature, E. P. Q. R. has become slack, careless, and unwashed. the churches and palaces vie with each

surfeited with the glories of art and nature, B. P. Q. R. has become slack, careless, and unwashed.

However, S. P. Q. R., individually, in the fesh, is pleasant, gentle, polite, obliging, and charming. The men are often handsome, the women frequently pretty. Among the models posturing on the stops of the Plazza di spagna there are fine faces, and lovely flower girls come bounding toward you to thrust nowers in the buttonholes of gentlemen and the muffs of ladies. The improvement in hotels has, in a great measure, extended to the shops. They are well and tastefully supplied, but invariably the prices are exorbitant, and the necessaries of life are by no means cheap. This may be the consequence of the jubiles, and yet at the commencement of the month and up almost to the present day, the hotels, boarding houses, and furnished apartments were empty. The jubilee gifts to Leo XIII. are still arriving in shoals, and it is a curious sight when allowed to penetrate the galleries of the Vatican, to see prelates diving into cases, unearthing a reliquary or cruciffix: princes superintending the uppacking of works of art, in the midst of an incredible variety of hoterogeneous objects, from the butter and cheese of switzerland to the Bible of the King of Saxony, from priceless gems to the beads of tattooed savages. Some say that it will be a matter of imposebility to get everything ready for the 6th of January, the day fixed by the Pope, because it is the one on which he wishes to acknowledge the offerings of Christendom in the inaugurating ceremonies of his jubilee.

Perhaps the most lasting memory among the many garnered will be that of a Trappist monk. Leaving the carriage to visit the Catacombs and walking up to a one-roomed habitation, one is received by a Trappist Brother and asked to write one's name in a book. His soiltary apartment is a sort of universal provider's establishment on a minute scale. You may begin by purchasing a relic, say a tooth, and proceed to polish it up afterward with dentifrice sold on the pr can is seen for and presently a spare, clean-chaven, prominent-nosed bright, active monk appears, who forthwith addresses the visitors appears, who forthwith addresses the visitors in voluble Italian. Being asked with some concern if he is not French, he laughs heartly and canswers in the purset Gallic: "No go! I never taken in." He proved himself to be a charming sociable, and most interesting cleechart, and the provide state of the catalogs, begging them not to set the Catachaming, sociable, and most interesting cleechart, and the provide state of the catalogs, begging them not to set the Catachaming, sociable, and most interesting cleechart, and led the way through the tender which a combo of fire, as the "pompiers" much have some difficulty in manceuvring in the values, and led the way through the taken of the way through the catalog for the catalog of the catalog for a cow, but that he was quite content to take with his brother monks by signs only and share their hard tolling life. That man of editorial way to take with his brother monks by signs only and share their hard tolling life. That man of editorial man to be company to the catalog with the convening and the way to take with his brother monks by signs only and share their hard tolling life. That man of editorial man to meet familiarly is the Cardinal Prince floheniche, Great Almoner of his Holiness. He was and has transpers were the Catacombs, Alter the fascinating Trappist, the pect delication breeding, refinement, and culture had been weeding the convening careers has been subditing and the content which they can be subditing district the culture had been weeding the convening the convening the cardinal prince floheniche, Great almoner of his Holiness. He was and has termined to be other than the convening the cardinal prince floheniches of cardinal prince floheniches of the cardinal prince floheniches of the cardinal se

more kissed, and he walks with sek to the tram cars by which ed, and, bowing to them, watches e.

are ubiquitous in the country, the suburbs, the streets, drawing slow cartis and looking graves, shy, and a little shamefaced, as if suffering from their inferiority by the side of the solemn, stately white oxen of the Campagna. The men are very cowboyish in their get-up, and carry any amount of strappings. S. P.Q. R. should have a wild West show of its own, Maybe Bome would be more fascinating still if the tyrant Badeker had not such a long catalogue of "Principal Curiosities" to be interviewed. It is pleasanter to stroll on the Pincio and watch for the Queen's smiling and graceful bow; to wander through the Palace of the Quirinal under the guidance of Count Santa Rosa, the master of the ceremonies; to hear that king Humberto has given upsmoking; has nobly paid his father's debts to the tune of thirty-eight millions; that he is a splendid horseman and a crack shot. It is amusing to learn that Leo XIII, was received at 21 into the Academy of the Arcades in Rome, and, in obedience to the rules of the society, having to take the name of an Arcadian shepherd of old, chose that of Evandro, under which he recited an idyille poem of no mean merit on the day of his admission. It is not less curious to find that the Pope has refused the gold chalice which the house of Savoy annually presents to his Hollness, and which the Duke of Aosta endeavored to smuggle in among the sifts of the city of Milan; it is equally interesting to be able to contradict the rumors of the Queen having put out feelers to ascertain whether the Pope would accept a gift from her, and that he politaly intimisted that he would not; also to point out that it never was the intention, nor, in fact, would it have been a possibility for the politaly intimisted that he would not; also to point out that it never was the intention, nor, in fact, would it have been a possibility for the Pope would accept a gift from her, and that he politaly intimisted that he would not; also to point out that it never was the intention, nor, in fact, would it have been a p ING CASE

### A British Army Surgeon Administe Arsenic to his Wife.

From the Lancet.

A British Army Surgeon Administers of the Commune of the Surgeon-Major Cross for the willtin murdor of his wife by poion conditions of the Commune of 1871 was deviced. The trial of Surgeon-Major Anylor of the will of the Commune of 1871 was deviced from the Communication of the Commune of 1871 was due to extraordinary discussfaces when a retired army Surgeon-Major, having obvious the condition of the Commune of 1871 was due to extraordinary discussfaces when a retired army Surgeon-Major, having obvious the vote of the Commune of 1871 was due to extraordinary discussfaces when a retired army Surgeon-Major, having obvious the vote of the Commune of 1871 was due to extraordinary discussfaces when a fair of the due to the condition of the communication of the condition of the communication of the com

the 25th she botteed that the deceased's eyes seemed irritated and inflamed; the latter also complained that she could not see distant objects, read the paper, or write. On the 25th she she getting we will and to be also getting we will and to be also getting we will and the 25th she she getting we will and the 25th she she getting we will and the 25th she she getting we will also getting we she will also getting the 25th she was quite intelligent, able to express her wishes, give orders, and to describe her state. The exact time of death could never be ascertained, as only the prisoner was present; but according to his statement made to the servants it occurred about 1. A. M. on Thursday, June 2. The deceased was not dressed in the usual grave clothes and the prisoner assisted the complete of the compl

well is reached, and bowing to them, water their departure.

To the admirers of Col. Cody, the Colossoum, with all its memories of shows on a vast and sory scale, lacks his once promised presence, and yet Buffalo Bill would hardly create as much sensation in Home as in Engiand. There is a decided Buffalo Billiah air about the peasanty which forcibly recalls South Rensington units the past season, and the gray buffaloes.

THE FUTURE OF PRANCE.

maigner O'Reilly's Views-He Sees Hope Mainly in the Effects of the Church, PARIS, Dec. 28 .- The Figure, which many onsider to be the leading Parisian journal, heads its editorial page this morning with a startling article. entitled La Commune de Demain ("The Commune of To-morrow"). The fact is that a majority in the Municipal Council of Paris have been long advocating openly the restoration of the communal government, whose brief reign during the spring of 1871 left behind so lurid and sanguinary a memory. brigade of petroleuses and petroleurs, headed by of the Tuileries, but burned also the Hotel de Ville, the most beautiful edifice in all France. This building, which had been since the time of the first republic the seat of the departmental Government of the Seine and the official residence of the Prefect, has just been rebuilt. During its restoration the Prefect had been installed with his staff 1884 the Municipal Council had issued a decree arate from the Hôtel de Ville, intimating at the same time the cherished purpose of reserving the latter building in its restored state for the future Mayor of Paris, or the head of their Commune. This decree was annulled by President Grevy, the municipal legislators appealing

affirmed the illegality of the decree. Undismayed by this the municipality persists in its determination, and stoutly tells the Prefeet that it will resist by force any attempt of his to take up his abode in the new town hall. So, it is said, the present Government, some of whose members represent the communistic element, has resolved to appeal to the Chambers as soon as these assemble, and to lay be-fore them a bill regulating the matter, and solving, if possible, a very knotty difficulty.

The sudden rise of the Commune of 1871 was

ed a yearly sum of 10.000 francs (\$2,000) for the purpose of securing to their children the benefit of regular religious instruction, a thing which the authorities stoutly refuse to give in any of their schools. Yesterday the Municipal Council decreed that in future this sum should not be accepted, and that no religious instruction whatever should be given henceforth in the college. At the same time, however, they voted a large annual salary to a Professor of History, who is bound to lecture to the students on the French Revolution, glorifying the men most distinguished for their atheism and ferocity, and blackening in proportion their victims. It is easy to see what such teaching must soon lead to.

As to the hospitals of Paris, only three now remain in charge of the Sisters of Charity; the Hotel Dieu, the Hospital de la Charité, and the Hospital Saint Louis. Yesterday also it was decreed, on the motion of M. Strauss, a Jew, that the Sisters must leave La Charité on Jan. 23, the Hospital Saint Louis in April, and the Hotel Dieu in June.

The celebrated Dr. Després, who knows more about the hospitals than any other man in Paris, who is also a member of the Municipal Council, has been denouncing, on every public occasion offered, the unreasoning folly, the reckless extravagance, and the downright cruelity of these wholesale measures of laicisation. Hitherto the Government paid to each Sister employed in hospital work a yearly stipend of 200 francs, or \$40. This, I need not say, barely sufficed to provide these devoted ladies with the poorest of clothing and the simplest of diet. But with that they were content, and they gave themselves to the labors of their holy calling with a fervor that secured the bedily and spiritual comfort of their patients. They were worshipped by those to whom they knew so well how to make the bed of pain a bed of sweet rest or calm resignation, and the approach of death a coming home to the House of the Father.

This was a crime in the eves of men who hated religion with a blind and th

room, seriously proposes to limit the accommodation granted to the sick to the extent of 100.000 days of sick-bed relief during the coming year?

Why is all this waste and inhumanity? Simply because it is sought to turn away the population of France from the broad royal road of religion in which their fathers had walked, and to lead them by unknown, untried, and desolate paths toward a liberty and a prosperity impossible without a practical belief in God.

Still, I am happy, unspeakably bappy, to find that there is solid ground for hoping for a better future. I esterday I conversed with men whose position enables them to know about men and things what must escape the observation of a stranger, I came away from the interview satisfied that the glorious spirit of all-sacrificing devotion, so characteristic in the past of the French clorgy and laity alike, is at work steadily cultivating the germs and growth of a new moral springtide in France.

To be sure, to the superficial observer, the land in its length and breadth is covered with an arctic depth of snow, and the arctic cold has frozen the earth so deeply that one might judge that every germ of vegetable life had perished. Wait a while and you will see the awakening. The men and women are now living who will behold France stand forth once more before the world as the most Christian nation, and, perhaps, under a republican government founded like ours, on a religious gleal and religious prinaples and traditions. Your readers will be astonished, edified, and instructed when I relate to them what, at this moment even, the Catholics of France are attempting and schieving for the salvation of their country.

So, while with all my heart I wish your readers the most happy of new years, I cherish the hope that 1886 will bring to dear and glorious France the dawn of peace, order, and prosperity.

LIVELY NOTES FROM PARIS.

The Wenderini Silbenette Pastemime at the Cast Neir—Truth Abeut Benvin.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—There are two actors on the starge, Pierrot and Colombine. Pierrot is in love with Colombine, but Colombine remains as cold and motionless as a statue. In vain Pierrot tries all means of fascination. Poet, the recites sweet verses, but Colombine is desit to their charms; painter, he draws her pointrait, but her eyes deign not to look upon him; composer, he expresses in vain the torments of his heart. At the sound of his vicion the birds flutter around Pierrot, the wild beasts listed dramily, the sorpents. fascinated, sit erect on their tails, and the trees shower at his feat their fairest flowers, but Colombine remains impassible. Then, having heard that women must be treated with a high hand, Pierrot affects impertinence and the manners of a self-confident lady killer, but Colombine still disdains him. Finally, Pierrot, saddened, melancholy, and worn out by the burden of his unrequited love, takes a spade and tills the soil in order to become. On bended knees he offered his houst to Colombine, who smiles, bends forward, throws her fair arms around. Pierrot in the moon of the colombine still disdains him. Finally, Pierrot, saddened, melancholy, and worn out by the burden of his unrequited love, takes a spade and tills the soil in order to become. On bended knees he offered his houst to Colombine, who smiles, bends forward, throws her fair arms around. Pierrot in the order of the colombine of the triumban and title black sillent, and the manners of a self-conflict lady killer, but Colombine still disdains him. Finally, Pierrot, saddened, melancholy, and worn out by the burden of the word of the colombine, who smiles, bends forward, throws her fair arms around. Pierrot in the order to the pantonime is willed to the pantonime is willed to the end of the colombine of the colombine of the pantonime is willed to the end of the colombine of the pantonime is will be the single to the pantonime is willed to

mains impassible. Then, having heard that women must be treated with a high hand, Pierrot affects impertinence and the manners of a self-confident lady-killer, but Colombine still disdains him. Pinnily, Pierrot, saddened, melancholy, and worn out by the burien of his unrequited love, takes a spade and tills the soil in order to become rich. Behold, he has earned a golden louis. On bended knees he offered his louis to Colombine, who smiles, bends forward, throws her fair arms around. Pierrot a neck and kisses him. Gold triumphs where love is powerless, The actors in this charming and realistic idyl are, two little black silkouettes projected in a ray of oxyhydric moonlight, and the author of the pantomime is Willeste, the painter and draughtsman. Title, "The Golden Age"—L'Age d'Or. Theatre, the marionette show of the Bohemian Café, the "Chat Noir."

The actor is again Pierrot in the bloom of youth. He has just fallen from the moon or from the Boulevard des italiens into the midst of the woods of Arcadia or of Viroflay. He has with him a basket of provisions, sour bread, and a bottle of Suresness wine, with which he proposes to enjoy an immense feast. But Pierrot, whose humor is contemplative only by fits and starts, is not quite happy because he is alone; he longs for a friend or companion in order to eat and drink with delight. The fairy Urgele overhears Pierrot's regrets—Urgele, the victim of a wicked enchanter who has imprisoned her beautious youth in the disguise of a hideous old woman, and from this spell of age and urginess she earned each has increased in the lean and dried up checks have received the kiss of an innocent beling, of a youth who has never before kissed any woman. Urgele advances, and a struggle begins between the carslessness and insociance of Pierrot and the tenacity of the unfortmate centenarian fairy. However, Pierrot concludes that it is botter to lunch with an old lady than to lunch alone, and the fairy, encouraged by the amistle manners of Pierrot, ends by asking him for a kiss. Poor

is the exquisite post Théodore de Banville, who has never written anything more graceful, more radiantly beautiful in language and rhyme, more joyous and sincere and touching than this one act "Le Baiser."

Willette's pantomime and Banville's comedy are the two most perfect works of art of the kind that Paris has perhaps ever seen. The first performance of the pantomime, and the lirst and only performance of the comedy, were witnessed by the very cream of the artists and literary men of Paris, and their authors won without one dissenting voice the applause and esteem of one of the most difficult and skeptical audiences in Europe. Therefore, during the past week, in the meeting places of intelligent Paris, you hear of nothing but the charms of Willette's "Golden Age," and the prodigious rhymes of Banville's "Baiser," so true is it that our happlest hours are those when we are the puppets and dupes of reverie and fancy.

It is one of the charms of Paris that reverie can always find an aliment; the nature of the Frenchman makes him pay more heed to ideas than to facts; indeed, if he has anything to do with facts he delights in giving them the lie. For instance, it is a fact that flowers do not grow in winter, and yet in Paris winter is the great season for flowers. On this New Year's eve, when I am writing. Paris is transformed into an immense rose garden and orchid house; in every street there are nowadays shops for the sale of flowers in midwinter. This year the fashionable flower for gift bourquets is the cose, and, together with the rose, the lilly of the valley, and the many varieties of orchida. But for modern tastes the simple flower is not enough; the bouquet needs to be dressed by a fashionable modiste, who will trick it out with antique siks and ribbons of delicate shades, and arrange it in all kinds of fancy stands, gilded basket work, falence ornaments, carriages, palanquins, and jardinlêres of all shapes. The Sedan chair is one of the favorite forms of flower holders; other fancies, I have noticed, ar

with silk, painter's ladder with its paint pots filled with flowers, a golden well with tilies of the valley growing round the edge and in the bucket. The tendency of the forfists is to utilize the common objects of life rather than to create new and purely ornament entities to utilize the common objects of life rather than to create new and purely ornament entities to the life. In imitation of the well-known collection begun by the Medicis in the gallery of the Offices at Florence, a gallery reserved for portraits of painters by themselves has been opened in the Louvre with elements found in the Louvre and in the gallery of the opened in the Louvre with elements found in the Louvre and the Ecole des Beaux Arts. A consulting sommittee has been formed to select the modern artists, painters, and sculptors, whom the Minister of Fine Arts will have to make a present of the product of the consultation of the life of the l

## DON CARLOS CLAIMS FRANCEA

## A More Serious Ceremony Then it Appeared trom Former Advices.

Prom the London Standard.

PARIS, Dec. 29.—There is a party among the French Monarchists who have always distinguished themselves by being "more Royalist than the King," and who, on the death of the Comte de Chambord, refused to acknowledge the Comte de Paris as his legitimate successor. They set up as the rightful heir to the throne of St. Louis Don Juan, the brother of the late Comte de Montmolin, and father of Don Carlos. A division was thus effected in the French Legitimist party. Don Juan having died, his friends here have sent to Venice a deputation to hall Don Carlos as the rightful King of France. The spokesman of the deputation was Count de Cathelineau, who delivered the following address:

Monseigneur, on the unexpected death of your angust father, the Legitimists of France, of whom we are the From the London Standard.

law compels us to come to you directly. The abdication of your august father had made you King of Spain. His two thrones. Providence calls upon you to combat and to conquer under the orders of Christ, your master and ours, the revolution now in possession of the two countries formerly the most devoted to God and the King. While your previous declarations unfortunately hardly allow us to entertain a hope that you will personally vindicate your rights a duty to assert them, and to reserve those of the other

Don Carlos replied as follows:

let us never make terms with the revolution which ruins states and oppresses the Church. Let us keep inviolate the trust of those principles which alone will save the peoples of the Latin tace, by restoring their monarchical and Christian traditions.

Count d'Audigne supplements this manifesto by adding that it is meant as a protest against "Oriennist usurpation," and intimates that if Don Carlos should renounce his rights to the throne of France, his eldest son, now 17 years old, would be bound to make his choice between the crown of France and that of Spain,

# KING MWANGA BADLY SCARED.

# Rumors that Stanley was Coming to Fight Him Made Him Very Nervous,

The savage ruler of Uganda, King Mwanga, who murdered Bishop Hannington and many of his Christian subjects a while ago, thought judgment was about to overtake him when he heard a while ago that Stanley was on the way to Central Africa. It will be remembered that before the King ordered the murder of Hannington he called his counsellors around him, and the distinguished gentlemen discussed the probability that the whites would make them suffer if they put the Bishop to death. The strong point was raised that two white men had been killed a few years before by a chief at the south end of Victoria Nyanza, and the murderer had never been called to account for his crime. It was, therefore, inferred that Bishop derer had never been called to account for his crime. It was, therefore, inferred that Bishop Hannington could be murdered with impunity and the unhappy man's fate was sealed.

But when the Arabs told Mwanga that Stanley was coming, his first thought was that the whites had been aroused to vengeance by the cruel taking off of Hannington. Had it been possible he would have turned pale when the Arabs told him the white man was coming with 1,000 guns. He summoned in hot haste the missionary Mackay, whom he had long held a prisoner. Mackay writes that there would have been a terrible panie if he had not succeeded in calming the fears of the King.

He told the despot that Stanley was coming to the relief of Emin Pasha, and he was not certain that he intended to visit Uganda at all. He could not have 1,000 guns with him, because there were only 600 men in his party, most of whom were heavily laden with goods.

"Do you think," asked the King, "that Kaba Rega will let Stanley cross his country to Uganda?"

"I don't know," answered Mackay, "but if he does, I am sure that Stanley will come here with peaceful intentions, if he comes at all."

Kaba Rega is Mwanga's poworful enemy, with whom he is frequently at war. His country les between Emin Pasha's district and Uganda, the great country which Mwanga misgoverns.

Another fear haunted the King, Suppose

try lies between Emin Pasha's district and Uganda, the great country which Mwanga misgoverns.

Another fear haunted the King. Suppose Stanley should come, it would not be pleasant to have Mackay accuse his dusky Highness of having forcibly detained him many months after he had asked permission to depart. He thereupon decided that Mackay should not stay upon the order of his going, but go at once, He gave him scant time to pack his baggare, and packed him off down the lake, and Mr. Mackay is now supposed to be en route for Europe after short visits to some of the mission stations on the way. Stanley hesitated to take the Uganda route to Central Africa, fearing that his approach might cause the King to put Mackay to death; but the nows of his approach by another route had the good effect to set Mackay at liberty, and we shall probably soon hear from him full details of the stirring and tragical scenes he has witnessed in Uganda within the past two years. It was agreed when he left Uganda that another white man was to come to take his place, and before this the missionary, Gordon, has probably taken up the work Mackay left.

Fire and sword seem impotent to eatinguish Christianity in Uganda. Allhough Mwanga put about 200 Christians to death in the most cruel manner, the survivors never abjured their faith nor ceased to hold their secret meetings put about 200 Christians to death in the most cruel manner, the survivors never abured their faith nor ceased to hold their secret meetings for worship. Since the King grew weary of persecutions, the Christian natives have resumed holding meetings in his chief town, almost under the shadow of his royal hut. MY CHRISTMAS.

All the friendly and social festivities incident to the Christmas and New Year's time are past. Faint echoes of the charitable and kindly feelings which they evoked are all that remain in the pleasant recollections of kind-nesses done and received; and to-day everybody has settled down again to serious every-day work. Every medal has its obverse side, and even this festive picture has its contrast. Perhaps a calm inspection of the other side

may not be out of place.

For the past three weeks the daily papers have fairly teemed with graphic accounts of how everybody, poor and rich alike, in city, in country, in our gorgeous Fifth avenue palaces. in cosey family homes, in the most wretched of tenements, in hospitals, in orphan and other asylums, even in poorhouses and jails, have feasted, been feasted, and enjoyed themselves. While these gay and charity-breeding festivals were running their course, a tale of want, privation, misery, or sickness would have been out of place.

### Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. But now they are over, and I may speak.

By way of prologue, I will state that I am of all human beings in a civilized community the most unfortunate—a poor, old, infirm, and absolutely destitute gentleman; a foreigner by birth, without family, without relations or family connections here; no friends, no home (barring a wretched room, of which I cannot one solitary exception, no live companion. No! tion is a little mouse. I made her acquaintance in my dire misery, and, strange as it may seem, she is a great comfort to me. She is a link which binds me to life. She comes regularly out of her hole, where, I think, she is rearing a family, for I notice she takes crumbs into it. She started our acquaintance by looking up at me inquisiively, and I thought at times pityingly, as if wondering what I could be doing all alone in such an attic at such a season, and I fostered the acquaintance by sprinkling a few crumbs of stale bread upon the floor. Now we know each other intimately. She greets me when I get home, climbing up to my knee, and love to think that she, the only living thing I can cherish in the world, would miss me. Don't run away with the idea that loneliness and misery have unbalanced my brain. My men-

misery have unbalanced my brain. My mental and moral faculties were never clearer or more active; but everything is relative in this life, and I have learned to value the gratitude and affection of a mouse.

I have said that a poor decayed old gentleman is, of all human beings, the most unfortunate. If an educated man, as is almost necessarily the case, he derives no pleasure from associating with the illiterate; if of a refined and cultured mind, he cannot herd with coarse and boorish folk; he has no sympathy with them, or they with him. Further, all people his inferiors in mental qualifications avoid him; and for this very reason, also, when a gentleman gets into the doldrums, it is far more difficult for him to get out than it would be were he a laboring man or a skilled mechanic. The majority of people among these have learned what misery is, what it is to be out of work, and help each other. As Dido sang:

Haud ignara mail, miseris succerere disco.

Not so among gentlemen. As a class they have

Not so among gentlemen. As a class they have never learned "the want of woe." and their sympathies have never been nurtured.

In a community like this a poor gentleman cannot command a living unless educated to

Not so among gentlemen. As a class they have never learned the want of woe, "and their In a community like this a poor gentleman annot community like this a poor gentleman annot community like this a poor gentleman annot community like this a poor gentleman fannot community like this a poor gentleman fannot community like this a poor gentleman for the season is the season of th

Virgin. But, of course, as Lucretius sings:

—medic de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquat.

They brought to my closed eyes the picture of two little graves in the cemestery of my old home on the other side, and my welling eyes nearly overflowed. Nothing but the thought of my little mouse in my lonely room kept me from breaking down. I shall not soon forget that Christmas Eve, that ride, and that group.

And then the shops. The gorgeousness of those displays! In the store of one of our leading jewellers! happened to be acquainted with one of the partners, and he most gracious ly asked me to take a walk through the place and inspect its treasures. It seemed to me that I had been transported into Aladdin's palace. Myriads of gems of every conceivable color and in such profusion! It struck me that, to furnish the brilliants alone, all the diamond mines of Africa and Brazil must have been cleaned out. The collection of pearls must have required the labors of thousands of divers for hundrods of years. It seemed as if the whole earth must have been carefully raked to supply the thousands of rubies, sapphires, opals, and emeralds in this one collection. Thousands, aye, tens of thousands of precious gems!

In the same store there were many articles which, in my eyes, had even greater value than all the jewels—bronzes, rare china, and brica-brace—in which the brains and genius of man shone with still brighter instre than all other glories of the place. Oh, twas wonderful! And yet, appreciating all the beauteous things as I believe only an educated mind can, I broke no commandment. I did not covet them, or any of them. To me they were absolutely valueless. I am alone in the world. I have no one whom I could bedeck with any of the spleudid things. They only made me feel my loneliness a little more poignantly. I wore to attempt to string a little necklace of pearls on her, I have no doubt that, like a little philosopher as she is, she would feel much annoyed, and perhaps abandon me forever. Oh. I can't think of that!

But

The sky was like cold steel. But the jewel case of the heavens was wide open. Truly

New lay the earth all Dans to the stars!

and had a good fairy or Santa Claus come along about that time and offered me my pick of all the treasures contained in that collection which I had just left, ishould have chosen a good night glass, and have reveiled in inspecting but one ever so minute section of the star-spangled mantle of the night, set with more glories than all that I had seen or ever could see of man's fashioning. The jewels in the sters were of earth, earthy, and brought and held man's thoughts to earth; the others lifted man's thoughts to earth; the others lifted man's thoughts to where they were heavenward!

I looked into only one more store, that of a silk mercer. I am not going to attempt to describe the glories of that place. I couldn't. But there was one window of it in which were displayed some silks that riveted my gaze. They were of every possible or conceivable shade, not color. You couldn't for the life of you find one of those tints in a rainbow. They were rather soupcons of all colors than any color themselves. One which particulary attracted my attention was of so pure and delicate a pink that it seemed as if it had mirrored and retained a maiden's blush; and it was just about as lovely. Another tint was of a peculiarly delicate pale green, as if the result of a little emerald dissolved in an ocean of crystal water; another, again, of a hue so peculiar that, without being color blind, a man might be puzzled to decide whether it was blue or green; and again, another of a tint so attenued that it looked like the half-faded bloom of a peach blossom. There were in that collection of aliks almost face-similes of all the levely hues of the flow-

ers with which fruit trees deck themselves in the spring—the striped petal of the cherry, the dappled blossom of the apples, pears, plums, and peaches. It embedied in textile fabrics all the glories and loveliness of an orchard. It was beauteous in the extreme, but it gratified only one sense. The entraneing edor of the real blossoms was, of course, wanting. As in the case of jeweis against stars, man's best handiwork was nowhere. Give me the orchard, Oh. I forget. In that collection there were some wondrous fabrics of a degree of transparency aimost ideal, but into them and through them ran little films of gold or silver thread, as in some mines run little, almost invisible, veins of the precious metals as fashioned in anture's laboratory. The fabrics were so delicate, apparently so codiless, that I wondered how human hands could ever shape them into garments. It seems to me that it would require Queen Mab's medisies at least to cut, fit, and drape such fabrics. It must be about as delicate a work as seewing live butterflies on cobwebs.

I saw in my walks during these holidays a vast number of other wonderful and lovely things, among which the flowers and fruits of all countries and climates were to my mind the most entraneims. Perhaps of all I had seen these were the only curios that I coveted. As it was, I enjoyed them only by reflection—through the plate-glass windows.

Now what's all this about? En passant, let me be clearly understood. My misery is great, but I am not begging. As I said, no gouldeman, be he sick or be he poor, can afford to beg, Let him stare, like a gardieman. Neither am I about to jump off the Bridge of Sighs—it's too cold—nor presend to—that's too vulgar. I do not eontemplate suicide in any shape, although I do not know how I shall manage to live. Nobody knows me, not even you, Sir, and so I need not insert the remark, slightly altered from our sterootyped fashionable merculary notices. Please omit contributions." Of course I know that there must be hundreds of cases in this city simil

Believe me, we are always treading violets under foot because they bloom hidden in the grass, and we only learn of their existence too late, when the beauties, crushed to death, breaths forth their fragrance as their parting beneficition.

## THE GOSPEL WASN'T FREE,

# But, in so Deciding, a Judge's Language Arouses a Camp Meeting Society.

From the New Haven News.

A certain barber in this beautiful city has A certain barber in this beautiful city has been vexed in spirit because some of his trade seemed in a fair way to slip away from him. The manner of it is this: He has among his customers a large number of Yale freshmen of tender years. These trisky youths insist upon being shaved, although their chins may be as smooth as the surface of a billiard ball. The barber saw that in order to keep that class of trade he must convince it that it had hair on its face. So he bethought himself of a scheme. He took a very fine razor and honed it down to a very fine edge. This accomplished, he so manipulated the tool that when it was drawn along the smooth flesh it made a noise as if the points were being scraped off a barb-wire fence.

He tried it on the first freshmen that came

fonce.

He tried it on the first freshmen that came in, and the man went away looking as pleased as if his mother-in-law had just died. The tonsorial artist now flourishes, and the freshman goes on his way rejoicing.



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